MARCH 1973 UOUTI

Life-and-death games in Ulster Are sports spoiling us? An ethic for sexual behavior

#### THE PATRIOT GAME

Come all you young rebels and list' while we sing,

For a love of one's country is a terrible thing.

It banishes fear with the speed of a flame

And it makes us all part of the Patriot Game.

My name is O'Hanlon, and I'm just gone sixteen.

My home is in Monaghan, where I was weaned.

I've learned all my life cruel England to blame,

So I am a part of the Patriot Game.

It's barely a year since I wandered away
With the local battalion of the bold IRA.

For I read of our heroes and I wanted the same
To play up my part in the
Patriot Game.



## A Moder

"Are you a sailor, boy?" the man asked as I stepped off the bus in Belfast.

"No."

"Well, you'd better stop looking like a sailor or some hooligan's likely to come up and knock your head off," he warned.

I rushed off to the safety of sixth-floor hotel room to char out of my incriminating blue b bottoms and pea jacket. I'd no something to disguise my milita type camera bag, too. In North



# Patriot Game

Text and photos by Sean Eager

eland's most troubled city, it ouldn't do for me to be associted with the British army in any ay.

Later that day, while shopping or a new bag, I experienced my st bomb blast. Although it was

three or four blocks away, a tremor went through the store. I ran down to the scene and flashed my press card. A parked car loaded with 150 pounds of gelignite had exploded, leaving half of itself in tiny bits, along with a



Soldiers and civilians form a chain to dig out after a guerilla blast.

The British army, caught between Protestants and Catholics, helps citizens clean up debris one day and battles them the next day

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**DESIGNERS: Bob and Sandy Bauer** 

Cover photos by Sean Eager

three-foot deep crater. The other half had flown into an office building. The blast devastated the entire street, pushing in shop fronts and shattering windows three blocks away. Fifty-two people were njured in the blast; none were killed.

Although life remains normal in many areas of Ulster (Northern reland), scenes like this are common in the larger cities—Belfast and Derry. What is happening in Northern Ireland is not called war—just a series of "incidents" which have threatened war for the past five years. To a child in Belfast it doesn't matter what name you give to this conflict. He still has no memory of peaceful times.

During my stay in Northern Ireand, I wanted to speak with and photograph people from all groups—the Protestants, the Catholics and the army. I hadn't been in Belfast long before I realized that his would be a big challenge. Every faction feels that it has had be publicity. The Catholics think you're working for the Protestants, he Protestants think you're processed in the British troops, colicemen and firemen simply lon't want anyone to photograph hem.

On Belfast's Falls Road two nen confiscated my film.

"Don't come back here or we'll ind a place for you," one warned. Before arriving in Belfast I had pent two weeks down in Dublin, peaking to people of both the

Official and Provisional IRA, photographing marches and speakers, and just trying to take in impressions of Ireland. I thought I was gaining some perspective on the chaotic jumble that is Ulster, but nothing prepared me for the atmosphere of fear and suspicion in Belfast. The streets in Belfast are full of British soldiers. Five-man patrols creep through the central shopping district in camouflage suits, carrying enormous rifles, and hugging the buildings as they walk. Radiomen listen for "incidents." All the while, hundreds of shoppers pass by with packages, apparently oblivious to the invisible combat going on.

British soldiers also patrol in "pigs"—armored Land Rovers—rifle barrels pointed out at the front and back. Men stand on the tailgates and eye everyone suspiciously, especially those carrying packages. Every once in a while you'll run into a checkpoint where soldiers are busy searching cars and pedestrians' bags for bombs and arms. The first five hours I was in Belfast I had my bag searched, was frisked, questioned, and had my identification checked four times!

The British army entered into the Northern Ireland conflict in 1969. Their purpose at the time was to protect the Catholics from

Sean Eager, 24, is a beginning freelance photographer whose first major assignment was covering Northern Ireland for YOUTH magazine. the Protestants, who were getting angry at activities of the Catholic civil rights movement. But the role of the army shifts constantly these days. If an IRA member is killed. Catholics see it as the army siding with the Protestants against them, Another incident will throw the Catholics and the army together against the Protestants. In its attempt to play the middle ground, the army will fight anyone who gives them trouble-and many they merely suspect could potential troublemakers. A common British attitude seems to be that the Irish are, generally, an irresponsible lot-children who must be protected from each other when their squabbling becomes too serious.

"They're quite mad, you know," one British soldier told me. "I reckon it's the potatoes they eat all the time. They don't get enough protein to develop their brains."

I had been in Belfast for several days when I experienced another bomb blast—this one larger than the first, and only 75 yards away. A British soldier pushed me down the street, claiming that I had been taking pictures of the troops. I hadn't been, but it seemed foolish to argue with him when six people were dead and others were in pieces. When the soldier left I returned to the scene of the blast.

"You'd better leave now," an old man told me. "They think you're some sort of troublemaker."

It seems that a vigilante gr was being formed to force from taking pictures. You chelp feeling very mortal here, you can't help seeing how senseless and anti-people the activities are. Down in the Replic of Ireland and in the U.S seems like a very romantic worthwhile ideal—the libera of Ireland and freedom for pressed Catholics. The fact is most people—Catholic or Protant—don't condone the point activities of this extreme mino

People whom I could speak of freely in Belfast found it amust that I have such an obvious Fername like Sean coupled with liam, the Orangeman's patronever publicized this while I working, as Catholics would have heard William, while Protants would have bristled at name Sean. I took to carryin Loyalist I.D. card while phygraphing in Protestant areas, an alias, John Eager, above an clamation of "No Surrender!"

Potentially dangerous comnities lie right next to each of in Belfast. Two-lane streets of the peace lines, and good lucyou if you dare to be on the working of the street! Everyone kneweryone else, and in some of more troubled areas gun watch out for strangers.

In other areas, Protes "boyos" and, more recently, tan gangs (formed after the murdered three Scots soldier

Why the Fighting?

The struggle in Northern Ireland is one between the haves and the havenots. In 1921, most of Catholic Ireland gained independence from British rule. But the six counties of the North (mostly Scots Protestant) remained as part of Britain, forming the state of Ulster.

Northern Catholics, outnumbered two to one, had long suffered discrimination. Unemployment among Catholic men ran as high as 50 percent, some were unemployed for 20 years, and were not exceptional! Although the slums of the big cities were being renovated, Catholics were forced to live in rigidly-defined ghettos. Through use of the gerrymander, the sizeable Catholic minority was rendered politically powerless. The Irish Republican Army (IRA) began its present civil rights campaign in response to such discrimination, as well as to the "colonial" attitude of many Protestants of British descent.

Protestants, however, feel rooted in ireland, and regard the higher standard of living and superior welfare system as their legacy. Afraid of the "Roman" domination a United Ireland would mean, they see their position as one of long-suffering tolerance of Catholic extremists.

The IRA Split

Early IRA resistance between 1956 and 1962 saw the imprisonment of two riends together. They emerged from all with very different ideas of the

IRA's future: Cathal Goulding, present-day chief of staff for the Official wing, found a new approach in Marxism, and hoped to develop a workers' movement; Sean MacStiofain, military commander of the Provisional wing, felt physical force was the only choice. His belief gained support during the Belfast Riots of August, 1969, when the Officials failed to protect Catholics. Though most members of the IRA stuck with the Officials, the Provisionals reckoned they could wage effective urban guerilla warfare with only 50 people.

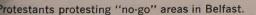
Today the Officials sponsor housing developments and community programs, and operate a huge propaganda campaign directed at Europe and the U.S. They play defensive roles only when Catholic areas in the North are in

danger.

The Provisionals' role has expanded. Besides organizing gunmen and bombers, in Catholic "no-go" areas, they have initiated law enforcement. It is a vigilante justice that terrorizes the Catholic constituency into submission to the Provisionals. And, though reforms have been made, they continue to bomb, hoping to draw Protestants into retaliation so they can point out the cruelty dealt to Catholics.

Many Catholics are as fearful of the ideology of the Officials as they are of the terrorist tactics of the Provisionals. Yet in neither case can they repudiate the IRA, for fear of reprisal, and for fear of being abandoned to the Pro-

testants.







Kids pelt a flaming van which had been hijacked earlier.

To a child in Belfast, it doesn't matter what you call this conflict—he still has no memory of peaceful times

1971), keep an eye out strangers. If you have answ that satisfy them, there's no prolem. But if they suspect they ou're a Catholic, you can be trouble.

"How can you tell a Catholi asked a group of Tartans.

"They walk different," one n replied.

"And they've got sneaky eye another said.

Another popular method identifying Catholics is to he them pronounce the letter "H." someone answers "Hay-ch" it's right, because he's working-cl. Protestant. If he says "H" he gerally gets a beating.

The Tartan gangs—the hogans described in the papers rove in packs of anywhere fr six to 200. Their stone throwing often all it takes to precipitat riot. The gang situation has come even uglier since Catheteenagers have organized thown Tartan gangs.

The role of children and you people in the IRA is very serior. They are not so much children they are front-line fighters. We petrol and nail bombers are you teenagers. Older boys with go are usually the hijackers and a are gunmen, replacing older rowho have been sent to internome camps. As a rule, stone throw draw only an occasional rubbullet, while petrol and nail bo ers draw live ammunition.

When I first heard about

rubber bullets, it sounded like a pretty harmless way of dispersing a crowd. They are supposed to be bounced off the pavement into people's legs. The ones I saw fired were aimed directly at people. A woman was blinded and an 11year-old boy killed by these "harmless" weapons, which have the consistency of a hocky puck and travel at 60 miles per hour. Soldiers told me of putting a little extra cordite in the baton gun to give the bullets some more punch. and using bits of broomsticks when running out of rubber bullets.

During riots, children play a game of "chicken," seeing who can get closest to British soldiers, hurl bricks or stones at them, and escape into the crowd before getting hit with a rubber bullet. But even being hit conveys great status for the kids.

"My friend's been hit two times, and still he fights on!" one boy told me with great awe.

I'd heard other stories which supported the concept of a Children's Crusade. A meeting of the Fianna, the junior IRA, was post-poned for an hour so the young members could go home and watch their favorite cartoon show on TV. A more poignant tale came from a meeting in the Turf Lodge area. The youngsters were being instructed in how to hold and hrow live nail bombs. They were o go through the motions of hrowing on a dry run, without actually letting go. One boy acci-

dentally lobbed his bomb into a neighboring garden. As no one wanted to rescue it, they found a dog to do the job.

When everyone had taken cover, the dog was given the order to fetch. The dog lumbered over, bit into the nail bomb, and was blown to bits. For bravery beyond the call of duty, the dog was given a miniature IRA funeral complete with sunglassed and bereted pall-bearers carrying a small tricolor-draped coffin.

Stories like this might be amusing if you could forget that children are playing such real and deadly games. This became very clear to me when I covered a riot at Divis Flats, a Catholic apartment complex and base for gunmen and snipers. Divis Street itself was in shambles by the time arrived on the scene. stretches of sidewalk had been broken up into throwing-size chunks to hurl at the army. The armored "pigs" roared up and down the street scattering children, who returned to renew their stone and brick attacks.

I was in a stairwell photographing the charging "pigs."

"Better get out of sight," one man said. "They'll shoot you dead if they think you're a sniper."

Back in the street after the "pigs" had retreated, teen-age boys were driving hijacked vans to be used as barricades. The hijacking is done in various parts of town by threatening the driver

with a gun, usually a .38 Smith and Wesson.

When the vans had been positioned across Divis Street and the drivers had exited, kids pelted the hijacked vehicles with stones until windows, headlights and all breakables were smashed. They then set the vans aflame.

The hijackers themselves seemed more serious about the whole thing than the younger kids. But at times two of them seemed to be competing against each other. Within an hour they were tied with two flaming vans each.

At lunch time another hijacker showed up with a van full of cooked chickens. The van was unloaded, turned over and set on fire while the crowd looked on, munching whole chickens and pelting each other with the carcasses. It was very much a mad tea party, with the "pigs" watching it all from a distance.

Although the atmosphere in Divis Street was spirited and party-like, it was not just idle vandalism. The stone-throwing crowd brought out the soldiers for the snipers on the roofs. Soon after I left the area, the army was attacked by sniper fire from the Flats. A passing schoolteacher was killed by the army, which released a statement saying that he had been believed to be carrying arms. It is more likely that he was just an unfortunate passer-by. Other people were injured when the army's bullets missed their mark and flew into innocent apa ments.

In the district of Ballymurph outside Belfast, I met Mrs. S., w told me of the problems she h been having with the British arm Mrs. S., like many of her neighbors, collects the dole because husband is interned. Her house particularly suspect because her strong republican leanings.

Shortly after Christmas la year, an army patrol arrived "lift" Mrs. S. and search h house for arms. She was taken an army base and interrogat after being stripped and beate She returned home nine hou later, minus a few teeth, to fi her six children hysterical amo the wreckage. Floorboards a ceilings had been pried ope furniture smashed, and mud w splashed on the walls. The ch dren's Christmas toys were brok and the dog had been bayonette No one had been allowed in house to comfort the children the nine hours Mrs. S. was be questioned.

Mrs. S. took me to her sisted house for tea, where we saw so venirs her son had made whinterned. Every internee carves harp-shaped lamp for his fam to exhibit in a front window—so of a symbol of the Free Irela movement. Internees also decate handkerchiefs with roman scenes of the "fight for freedor The handkerchiefs are pain with magic markers, and usual

have very colorful scenes which include a tricolor or an Easter lily. Such artwork is all the men have to occupy themselves day after day.

Back at Mrs. S.'s house we met with Seamus, a member of the Official IRA. After we talked for a while about their activities, Seamus got up abruptly.

"Would you like to see some of our propaganda?" he asked.

"Sure," I said.

He went out for a few minutes and returned wearing a face mask and carrying an M-1 rifle and a full clip. His eyes glittered as I photographed him attacking invisible soldiers in the shaded wreckage of an upstairs bedroom.

I stayed in Ballymurphy all that

day getting acquainted with people and when night came Seamus suggested that we go for a drink. Catholics are limited to their own communities when they go out at night. To be caught in the city by Tartans or Protestants would mean a bad beating or worse. Seamus left for half an hour and returned with a new car he had hijacked for the evening. Six of us piled in and off we tore for Kelly's Bar, Ballymurphy.

Kelly's is frequented by the IRA and men "on the run." We stayed only until about 9:30, and it was lucky for us, too. At 10:30 the army raided the place and completely emptied it out. It would have meant internment for some of the people I was with, and a

The role of youth in the IRA is very serious they are front-line fighters, petrol and nail bombers, hijackers

A young member of the Official IRA demonstrates his "propaganda."



very long explanation for me.

The next day Kelly's Bar was blown up. The bar man who had served me was shot by a sniper as he pulled people from the debris. The bar had been full for a big football match, and many people were killed or maimed.

Shooting began shortly afterwards between Ballymurphy and the bordering Protestant housing estate, Spring Martin. The barrage went on for hours. I tried to take photos, but it would have been foolish to get to the center of the fight between the army, the Catholics and the Protestants. Bullets passing overhead sounded like giant bees. Everything was being shot—little children, women, dogs—anything that moved.

Flaming buses were used as barricades and many people in the area had acquired new cars since the fighting began. The army had little hope of stopping the shooting at its height, because they were being shot at from both sides. Eventually they retreated to try to contain the fighting by stationing sharp-shooters in strategic points to fire at gunmen. The fighting went on all day, killing nine people and injuring many others.

The next morning I attended Mass in Ballymurphy with a lot of nerve-shattered people. Occasionally the sermon was interrupted by gunfire, and the church was pockmarked from the previous day's shooting.

I left the church with a friend had met in Belfast. As we pass an army post, a zooming Jagu opened fire on the post with su machine gunfire. Both of us we on the pavement as soon as the firing began!

It was interesting to hear the conflicting reports after this in dent. One man said they were Iffiring at the post. Another sathey were Protestants firing at couple on the sidewalk. Someone even said the army had opened fire on the car! The frightening part of conflicting stories like the state people will act on incorresting the violence and the tension

The tensions in Derry do rapproach those in Belfast, Protestant and Catholic commuties are separated by a rivrather than crowded together. Sprisingly enough, among whomost people consider lawlessnethere is little crime in the Creggor Bogside areas of Derry. Crimals know how brutal IRA puniment can be—in severe case thieves have their hands manglor cut off.

With other journalists, I cover a training session the Provision were holding. Eight young be with blackened faces were runn an obstacle course, carrying he key sticks instead of rifles. The jumped barriers, crawled beneated wire, to the shouts of training officer.

"Move faster!" he yelled. "You got yourself killed back there by hat big tree. You've got to do better!"

While the boys ran and sweated, he training officer told us that the eal fight was in urban areas, and hat this training would have little bearing on actual conditions the boys would be fighting in.

"The British soldiers have no neart for what they're doing here," ne said. "My sister married one, and they're just regular fellows

ike you or me.''

After I returned to Belfast, I arranged to go on a "squirrel batrol" with the British army—a our-man reconnaissance through he Ballymurphy area. We walked down the street, everyone swiveling his head to get a complete view of the area. Kids began stoning us—particularly hard after hey saw my cameras. They wanted to have their pictures taken. There is little talking on a patrol. Everyone is too occupied looking for gunmen.

We turned down a small street of bungalow homes which should have been torn down years ago. It was here that Mrs. S.'s sister—he woman who had given me tea hree weeks before—spotted me. Seeing me with "the enemy," she began waving and screaming and hrowing rocks. There was nothing the soldiers could do. They couldn't protect me by holding the woman back, because of their reations in the area, so I ran ahead



Life in Belfast continues, despite threatening conditions.

The next day Kelly's Pub was blown up. The man who served me the night before was shot by a sniper of the patrol. By the time they caught up with me, we were out of the area.

Back at the base that evening, I talked with some of the soldiers. None of them liked being in Northern Ireland, and they disliked the Catholics and Protestants equally. They found being at the base for four months without relief trying, and disliked being caught in the middle between Protestant and Catholic factions. Because they are under strict orders to return live fire only when fired upon directly, some admit to being frightened by their vulnerability.

I had saved my coverage of the British army for last, because I knew that after being spotted with them I would not be welcome in the Catholic area. But it was not until a few days later that I discovered just how serious my identification with the army had been. But because I had had close contact with the Catholic people, and because by coincidence there had been raids on the people in the area where I had been, my identification with the army branded me special branch detective. as a Word got around Ballymurphy. then the Falls Road, Ardovne, New Lodge and Turf Lodge that I was to be killed if seen either in those areas or in town. I had been marked because of that patrol. and it wasn't the sort of thing you could talk yourself out of, You'd never be given a chance. They would shoot to kill.



When I found this out, I stay inside all day, refusing to answ the door. It was obvious that have to shorten my stay. The nemorning I took the first flight of Belfast. I won't be able to back for a long while.



They told me how Connolly was shot in a chair,

His wounds from the fighting all bleeding and bare;

His fine body twisted, all battered and lame,

It soon made me part of the Patriot Game.

This island of mine has for long been half free.

Six counties are under John Bull's monarchy.

But yet de Valera is greatly to blame For shirking his part in the Patriot Game.

And now as I lie here my body all holes,

I think of those traitors who bargained and sold.

I wish that my rifle had given the same

To those Quislings who sold out the Patriot Game.

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Members of a Protestant Tartan gang "rest" on Queen Victoria.

"For them the fight is an end

in itself," said Official wing leader

Cathal Goulding. "They are not

planning to achieve the freedom of Ireland. They only want to fight

for it." □

The situation in Ulster is an uncompromising stalemate, a stalemate which is aptly summed up two members of the IRA:

"We will use any means to unify reland," Sean O'Bradlaigh, of the

Provisionals told me.

# Vacuuming thru the tube

a collection of transparencies by Doug Brunner



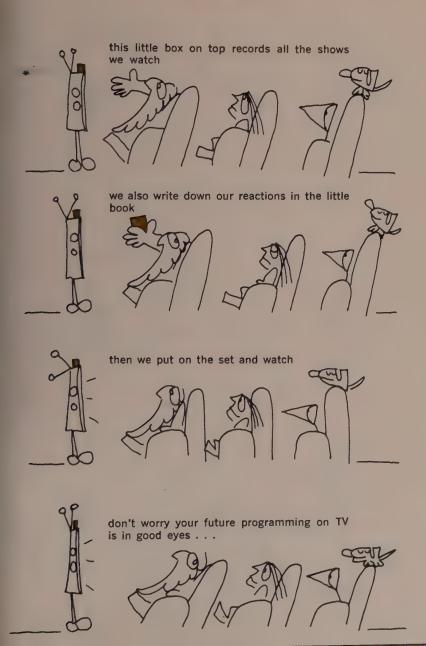
someday we'll solve the problems of the world...

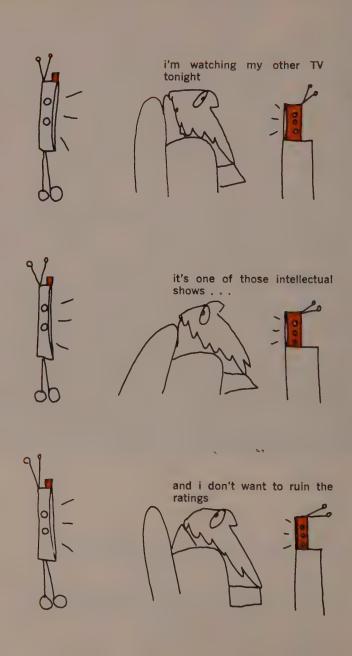
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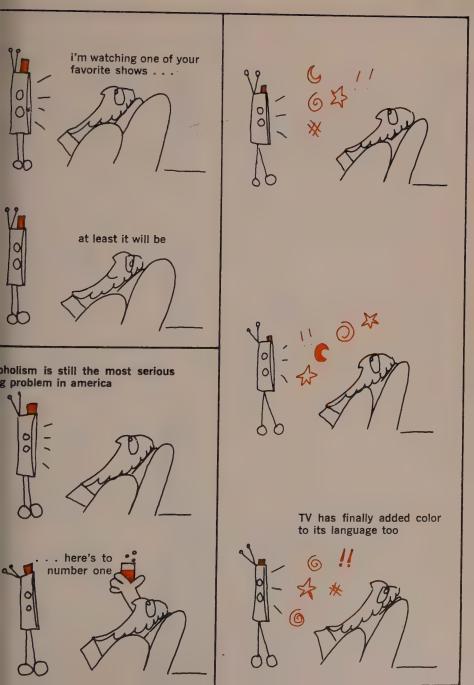
meanwhile let's go watc some television . . .

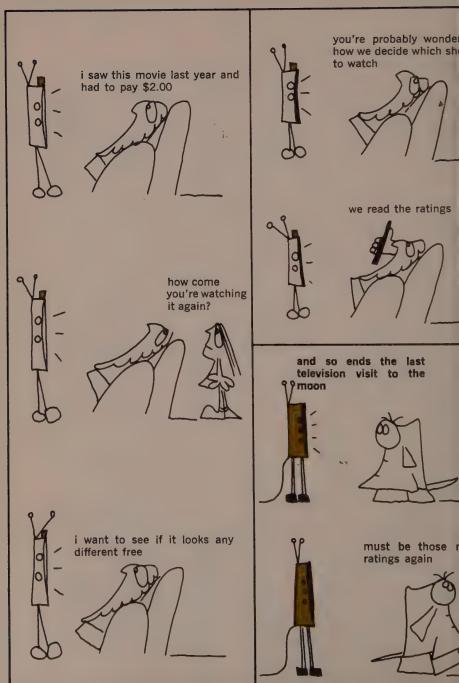


#### THE NIELSEN FAMILY





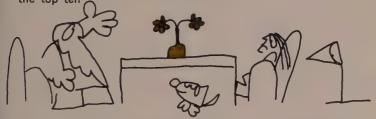




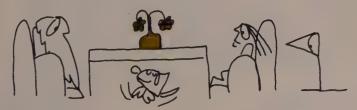
we didn't do very well this season . . .

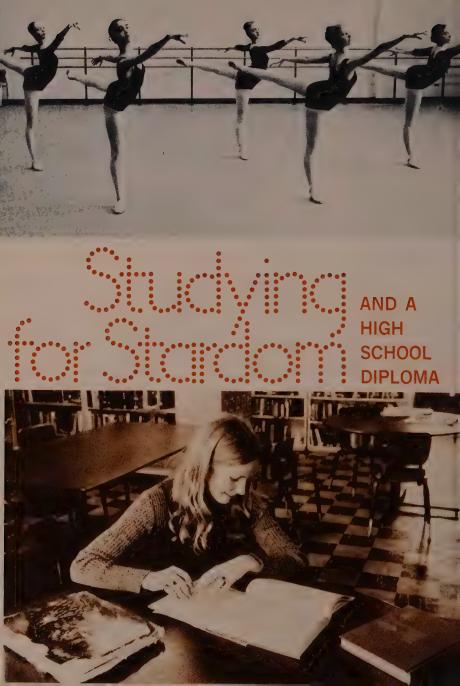


only two of the shows we watched reached the top ten



and both of them were picked by the dog





#### y Eileen Stukane notos by Ruth Bernal

it this very moment, pretend that ou are singing in the Broadway how, "Hair," or performing gymastics at the Olympics, or, peraps, dancing as a ballerina in The Nutcracker." But, hold on, ow can you find the time to o any of these things when you annot miss one day of school vithout a good excuse? In fact, ow do teenagers with careers nanage their educations? "Easy," ou say, "young people in the perorming arts, entertainment, fashon, and competitive sports, study ith private tutors." Ah, but there something more intriguing—a pecial independent high school in lew York called the Professional hildren's School.

Actually, PCS is a seven-story uilding near New York's cultural rts complex, Lincoln Center. /hile the high school lives on the fth, sixth, and seventh floors, ther levels are housing the prinary and middle grades, one prough eight, offices, and those ecessities, a cafeteria and an uditorium.

Back in 1914, two theatre-going omen, Mrs. Franklin Robinson and Deaconess Jane Harris Hall, he founders of PCS, held classes or youngsters from the cast of Daddy Long Legs' wherever they buld find the space. Over the

years, the tiny school shifted and relocated itself in rooms and lofts around the city's theatre district. until 1957, when it finally found a home. Now, 213 children of the footlights fill the halls, and, of those, 126 are high school students. When they graduate, they will be added to an impressive list of alumni, including Mr. Television Milton Berle, actor Elliot Gould, opera star Beverly Sills, Lesley Uggams, Peggy Lipton of TV's "Mod Squad," The Cowsills singing group, Judy Garland's daughter Lorna Luft, and the list goes on. Imagine a high school commencement where the diplomas are presented by the original star of Broadway's "No, No, Nanette," Ruby Keeler, and the well-known actor Dustin Hoffman. Sounds incredible, doesn't it? But the student body itself is incredible.

As Mrs. Joyce McCray, PCS's high school principal, explains, "Ninety-five percent of the students in the high school are professional. Of that 95 percent, over 50 percent are in ballet. We reflect what's going on in the arts around us in the city. If you look at the Broadway theatre, there aren't very many children in shows, but at one time we had an awful lot of those.

Eileen Stukane is a professional author whose writings appear in a number of national magazines including YOUTH.

Ruth Bernal is a New York photographer.

"Where and how they (the students) got into this (a profession) is always a question that interests us. There's no doubt that many of them are involved in what they're involved in because the talent was quite clear and the inclination allowed to grow. Several, particularly in the theatre, are there because they've had family who have also been involved. We have many children of professional parents, so their interests have been in the theatre or in acting. I'm sure there are combinations of reasons for each of these students."

Although the school is coeducational, the girls far outnumber the boys, 103 to 23. "With this large percentage in ballet, that's mostly girls," Mrs. McCray points out, "which doesn't seem to bother our boys at all, they have a marvelous time. I don't know the degree to which it bothers the girls; they don't mention it very often."

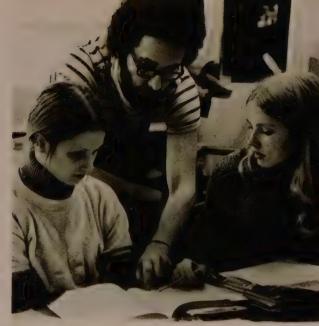
You can forget that you are in the center of New York City when you are behind the doors of PCS. The warm atmosphere of a small town prevails, yet there is a maturity at work that makes hall passes, roll calls, and dress codes seem prehistoric within these surroundings. Casually attired, the faculty members could themselves be mistaken for students, and one is tempted to call them by their first names. However, the school's philosophy is best articulated by Mrs. McCray, "We're

very eager to help put thi together for the students; other words, we're here to se them so that they don't feel t apart. Often when students ap to this school they'll say that t desperately want to be in bal but they're the only one in the class (in public school), every laughs when they want to le early, and the school won't them leave early. This is admitratively understandable. Scho can't change their schedule one person, and that kind of p sure comes off them here.

"We try to do the master sch ule of classes around the need: the students. The musicians want to be out of school by n so that they can have a large lu of time to practice. The skat don't come in until noon, beca they get their ice in the morn What we try and do is juggle th kinds of needs against the ki of things that are our nee namely, our responsibility to s them their academics. So we got what blooks like a nor schedule. When you finally done, there are seven 40-mir periods a day, except on Tuesda when we have an activity period

A student carries four manufacts a year, and all or parthem can be taken on correspondence. If a student cannot compactasses, faculty members prepassignments, and he or she mathem back. One violinist, now tour, is doing his homework

s dedicated as they
re to their own
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The student-teacher ratio of 11 to one allows for a very informal atmosphere.

re his concerts, and a young ater took her mid-year exams in aka. Japan during the Olympics. Judy Fugate, a 16-year-old ncer with the School of Amerin Ballet, only has time for three bject periods a day, so she is king world history on corresndence, "There's a weekly asnment," explains Judy, "You it and hand it in at the end of week, or the beginning of the xt week, the teacher isn't really strict about when you hand it If you have problems underanding something, you just go her and talk to her. You're readthe books and answering the estions, but you don't get the tures. Then, you have to take

the exams with the rest of the class in school."

Following Judy through a typical day shows that being a teenager with a career is no easy task. At 7:15 in the morning, the alarm rings in her bedroom, at home in Palisades Park, N.J., and she gives herself an hour to wake up and face the day and the road by 8:15. Her mother drives her over the bridge into New York City, and she is on the Commons of the Professional Children's School by 9 o'clock. The Commons is actually a wide, russet-carpeted hallway bordered by pink lockers on the sixth floor. A city school cannot have much of a campus, so this indoor Commons may suddenly

become a field for a spontaneous touch-football game.

9:05 a.m. Bell. With her softly-curled, long blonde hair bouncing behind her, Judy moves along the hallway to her tenth grade English class. There are only a mere 100 pounds on her slender 5'5½" frame, and she carries them gracefully.

After turning in their notebooks, the class (one boy and six girls) enters into a discussion of the Sinclair Lewis book, Babbitt. The student-faculty ratio at PCS is 11 to one, which, as Mrs. McCray notes, is relative to their guidance function. "The faculty members know their students very well, are very perceptive about their individual needs, and very supportive. It's an interesting faculty position because as good teachers as they are-they love their own discipline and their own subjectsthey're very aware of the other enormous commitment that the students have to something other than the academic. They walk a very fine line, and give a lot of individual time to these kids, as well as the classroom teaching."

Ten minutes after the class has begun, a long-legged, willowy girl, obviously another dancer, comes through the door. "See how early I am," she says as she takes her seat, but nobody seems to notice.

9:45 a.m. Bell. It is a six-block trek from the Professional Children's School to the School of American Ballet in The Juilliard

School Building at Lincoln Cent Judy usually joins about a doz other girls for the daily morni walk, but today she is with or one girlfriend, Susie Freedma They have known each other sin they were eight years old, whoth began their lessons at a School of American Ballet (SA)

At first, Judy was able to stu in public school and take her b let lessons later in the day. He ever, a dancer must become stronger as she grows, and t requires a more concentrat regimen. Now, six days a we Monday through Friday at 10 a.m., and Saturday at 12:30 p. she has an advanced dance cla for an hour-and-a-half. But that not all-three afternoons a we 2:30 p.m. on Tuesdays, Thu days, and Fridays, there is a minute toe class, and then the are occasional evening less from 5:30 p.m. until 7:00 p.m. the whole, Judy averages about hour-and-a-half classes a we That takes a good deal of supp ness and a great amount stamina.

To keep up with her da schedule and still finish he school, Judy enrolled in PCS the eighth grade. The cost the School of American Bawould be about \$700 a year, the tuition at the Professional Cdren's School is \$1750, but so arships are available. PCS datry to keep its tuition do though, and 26 percent of its 1000 control of the school is \$1000 control of the school of the scho

though you are the center of New ork City, behind e doors of PCS warm atmosphere a small town evails



The Commons, a wide, russet-carpeted hallway on the sixth floor, is a favorite gathering place for students.

th school students receive finan-I aid.

10:30 a.m. Judy looks like a ferent person dressed in a black tard, pink tights and toe shoes, h her long locks pinned up. The B studio is filled with giggles d chatter until the moment that tructor Stanley Williams, forrly of the Royal Danish Ballet, ers. Then, the roomful of young men position themselves alonge the ballet bars surrounding room. Silence and concentrareign. As a woman picks out sical sequences on a piano, the rcises begin, and the only other inds are heard from the slippers they sweep across the floor. The School of American Ballet

is the official school of the New York City Ballet. For six years, Judy Fugate has danced in their presentation of "The Nutcracker." but this year she is too tall. Now, she is nearing 17 years old, the time when she will know if she has made the company, "You don't try out for the company," she explains, "Mr. George Balanchine who is the choreographer, the head of the ballet company, comes to classes sometimes and watches. Then he picks people that he likes and you're in the company." She continues, "Actually, the ballet school will tell you if they don't think you're the right type for the company. They'll say you're too short, or you're too heavy, or

something like that, and then you know that you shouldn't stay there. You can go somewhere else and, I'm sure, get in a company elsewhere."

Mrs. McCray at the Professional Children's School sympathizes, "That senior year for this group of kids is a very tricky one because they are forced to make career decisions that many adults never make. They can stay with the ballet lessons forever, but they've got to make the company. Are they going to make it? When you're 17, you're either going to make it or not, and you know it. You've got to look at it and that's very rough. You've got to have an awful lot of stuff inside to take some of that self-searching, and never mind whether you're going to make it. Some of them realize that maybe that isn't what they want-they've been excited by something intellectual, or some other kind of thing, and they want to balance it out."

Noon. Class is ended. The precise body movements that must be executed during the time period are exhausting just to watch. I try to fathom how Judy endures those classes, sometimes as many as three a day.

After a quick change of clothes in the locker room, she meets her friends for lunch in The Juilliard School cafeteria. She brings a sandwich from home but does not have much time to savor it because geometry class at PCS be-

gins at 12:45. Still, she seems enjoy the breather with her horts who tease her about hav "voluptuous arches."

Dancing is not new to the gate family. Judy's 21-year sister is with the Garden State let in New Jersey, and her 13-ye old sister is studying evening also at the School of Ameri Ballet. But there is no more to for conversation; the clock has ready approached quarter to design the state of t

So, it's back across the f dozen blocks to PCS again.

1:00 p.m. Fifteen minutes for class, but I am amazed that are able to make it at all. The dents who arrived on time busily working on geometric plems, and they seem to be harfun doing it. Our delayed entra does not draw attention or cainterruption to the relaxed groat 1:25, the bell tells us to mon.

1:30 p.m. Judy sits with the other girls in a circular arrangement of desks for a conversation of the class. The dialogue as slowly and Judy's expression that somehow, geometry was ier. The 2:10 bell puts an enthe word game "Hangman" French.

Since it is Wednesday, J does not have a 2:30 dance cl and she uses the remainder of afternoon to do homework in lounge at The Juilliard Sc Building. "To me, grades me lot," she says, "because I've is a six-block trek to ne School of merican Ballet at ncoln Center where udy averages 11 our-and-a-half asses a week



Judy chats with her friends before returning to the classroom.

ays been good in school, always often A's and B's, and I know lucation is really important, even school isn't my favorite thing. It to get good grades; I may not ways do so well, but I try. It's apportant no matter what you do wen if I do become a dancer, you we to be educated." Then, she ops, and thinks a minute, "I tess if I never get to be a dancer, were are other things I'd like to be be be a dancer, but I'm hoping that never hapens, and praying."

When does she get a chance to cialize? "Saturday afternoons, cause we only have class until o'clock, and Sundays you don't ve to come in. One day off, ank God." Today, after she does

her PCS work, she will probably take a 5:30 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. class. Mrs. Fugate will meet Judy and drive her home, where dinner will be eaten later in the evening. With Judy's schedule, it is hard to keep close friendships, and impossible to be in any other activities in or around school, "If I had children I'd rather they'd go to public school because they can really get to know the kids in the school, and have friends, and participate in the school, courses and everything. But PCS is ideal for kids with schedules like mine: it's perfect."

Mrs. McCray is very aware of the problem, "The normal time to run extracurricular activities. which is after the academic classes, we don't have a warm body in the building, they're all off at their classes and so forth. We feel that those things are very important, but they have such limited time even to get to the academic classes. But we're involved in an experiment with an activity program to put extracurricular kinds of things into the content and context of our curricular day, so that it's not after school."

But I do not think Judy Fugate will be able to squeeze another thing into her day. By the way, what kind of music does this prima-ballerina-to-be enjoy? "I like rock and roll," she smiles, "Blood, Sweat, and Tears."



Senior year is a tricky on because the students are forced to make career decisions many adults ne have to make





he vision of youth is in your eyes, in your words, and in the shaping ouch of your hands. You can share this with others by submitting a oem, a painting, a story or a photograph which you have done to OUTH's 1973 Creative Arts Awards competition. If your creative work ecomes one of the winning entries, it will be printed in the Creative irts issue of the magazine, and you will receive \$25.

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you've done a mobile, paper folding, ood carving or any piece of sculpture nich you'd like to submit, send us otographs which best present all the mensions of your work.

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1. You must be between 13 and 19 vears of age to enter.

Your entry must be your original work. It may be something you've done as a school assignment, for your own enjoyment, or especially for the contest, but it must be your own.

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identify each entry with the title of the work, the media you are using, your name, age, address and church affiliation, if any. Place this information in the upper right corner of each writing entry, and on the back of each photograph or piece of art work you send.

5. Submit writing entries on  $8\frac{1}{2}$ " x 11" sheets of paper. CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES CANNOT BE RETURNED. So please keep a copy of your work.

6. All entries must be mailed by May

7. Send your original entries to: CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH Magazine, Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102. After the judging is completed, all entries other than Creative Writing will be returned.





# BE NATURAL, NOT ARTIFICIAL

o be free is to be natural, not artificial;

l o be yourself is to be real, not plastic

To live for tomorrow is to live for toda

o look forward is not to look back.

You don't have to talk intellectual to say what you fee

Be natural, be among the natural:

the moon, the sun, the stars; GOD and YOU

This is all bein free and natural

It's real and not artificial.

-Reggie Murdock, 19, Philadelphia, Pa.

### Do we say "I Love You" too easily

Ethics Today by J. Barrie Shepherd

Art by Bob Ba

"Ethics" and "Sex" . . . electric words, neon-sign words, words that spark not only interest, but also tension within that long-hassling relationship that people call "the generation gap." Words that lurk beneath the surface of so many of those parent-offspring discussion/debate/disputes about hair length, curfew hours, clothing styles, dating procedures, and entertainment that seem so typical of these days in which we live.

At times it even seems as if those two concepts are so closely related as to be inseparable. "Sex" and "Sin" for many people are not just two three-letter words that begin with the letter "s," they are virtually synonymous. For example, if I were to use that rather oldfashioned expression "living in sin" to describe someone, what picture would spring to your mind? Might it be the image of a person engaging in income-tax evasion, a salesman exploiting racial fears to make a killing in real estate, or a doctor refusing medical aid to persons who cannot pay? I think not!

In other words, "ethics" and "sexuality" are so closely linked

in the minds of many people the when we say "ethics" we me "sex." What better way, then, get into this series on "Ethics I Today" than to take up the toof human sexuality?

We are all fully aware of the fa that we "live in the midst of sexual revolution." The messa is beamed at us constantly via t communications media. And must be said at the outset the much that goes to make up t revolution is to be welcomed a affirmed. There is much more or discussion of sexuality in West society today resulting in less norance and "old wives tale fewer foolish taboos, less prejud toward those who differ from and less up-tight bias against s itself. Wherever this happens welcome it with enthusiasm. C tainly, nobody in their right m could want to return to the repr sive, moralistic, and hypocriti attitudes toward sex that were o rent a century ago. So far, so go

But when we turn our attent from the clearing away of ideas, to the new ideas ab sexuality that are also a part this sexual revolution, then enthusiasm has to be qualifi And the kind of simple and swe ing answers that are popular day, and that so many of the

J. Barrie Shepherd is pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church and campus pastor to Wooster College, Wooster, Ohio. This is his second in a series on Ethics Today.



called experts in the field are so ready to give out on demand, do not begin to do justice to the seriousness of the questions aised. There are questions like: How do you know if you're in love, or just turned on? Is sex simply

drugs last year, and political involvement the year before that? Is all the big talk about sex only a cover up for empty action, or even a complete lack of action? Can instant intimacy be achieved, and what can it provide for the more permanent kinds of honest acceptance and friendship we all need so desperately? What has been the effect of today's highlymobile society, making it almost impossible for people to put roots down deep enough to survive? Is the Pill all that it is supposed to be? Are innocent kids being caught up in living out the unfulfilled dreams and fantasies of their parents and grandparents? Are the

tragic stories we hear only those of a tiny minority who couldn't handle their new-found sexual freedom?

The questions are real. The people are real and many are hurting. And the more you begin to listen to real people, and not just to the vague generalities of social scientists and slick magazines, the more you begin to wonder whether these stories, and others like them-the renewed epidemic of venereal disease, the skyrocketing abortion business, the constant linking of sex and violence in the entertainment media, the popularity of the dehumanizing approaches to sexuality from pornography to so-called medical research and therapy-are all telling us something about the quality of the revolution in which we are engaged.

Howard Moody, a tough, ex-Marine preacher in Greenwich Village, wrote recently of what he calls a "reverse Victorianism" operating in the sexual area today. "It used to be," he writes, "that a girl felt guilty because she went to bed with a guy. Now she's more often guilty if she doesn't." As Moody says, "God knows, that's no improvement." If the sexual revolution merely replaces a conventional frigidity with an equally conventional promiscuity, we are still a long way from fully human liberation.

What are the alternatives? Certainly religion's record in this area

is a dismal one. The Christia Church, throughout most of in history, has managed to communicate very effectively the idea the it is either totally opposed to secon, at best, that sex is permitted only as a regrettable necessity.

Saint Augustine certainly didn begin it, but he expressed th anti-sexual tendency pretty we when he said he wished that Go could have devised some other more dignified way of perpetuating the human species. And thing didn't get any better. In the Mi dle Ages, certain moralists recor mended abstinence from sexu intercourse on all fast days ar festivals, and on Thursdaysmemory of Christ's arrest, on F days-in memory of his death, Saturdays-in honor of the Virg Mary, and on Mondays—out of I spect for the dead . . . either Tue day and Wednesday were ve busy days, or Western society w in danger of dying out!

However, Augustine and the Middle Ages, and even the Putans, do not present the total piture of the religious understanding of human sexuality. In fact, if was back to the earliest sources our Western religious heritagethe sacred writings of Judais and Christianity—quite a different attitude emerges. An attitude which might be summed up in twoords: "enthusiastically positive

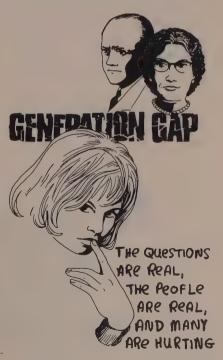
One only has to look at t Genesis stories of the creation man and woman to see this. these stories, the nature of human beings and their relationships to God are decisively defined; and sexuality has a basic role in that essential nature.

In the priestly account of Chapter One of Genesis, we read, "So God created man in his own image, male and female he created them." Humans were created as sexual beings. Again in Chapter Two, in a different account of human creation, we read that Adam (that is "mankind"), as originally created by God, was somehow incomplete. And that God, seeking to find a fit companion for him. brought before him all the animals. but none was suitable. Then God put Adam into a deep sleep, and when he awoke and saw Eve, the woman God had created, his response can only be translated from the Hebrew as a yell of sheer delight . . . "This one, this time, is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh!"

So Genesis affirms for all time that man is born incomplete, and only becomes completed, only becomes a whole person, in union with woman (Genesis 2:24). In spite of the explicit male chauvinism of this ancient story, on a deeper level it is saying that both man and woman are sorry, incomplete, forlorn creatures, until they find fulfillment in and through relationship with each other and with fellow human beings.

According to the Bible, then, in its most basic statement on the

matter, sex as God intended it is good, it helps to define what makes us human, and it is to be received joyfully as the loving gift of God. But also according to the Bible. sex is a part of a profoundly complex relationship. Sex involves a person's very being, "bone of his bone . . . flesh of his flesh." Sex is an expression that grows out of a human being's total personality -emotional, psychological, physical, mental and spiritual; and it cannot, without violating that total personality, be confined to the purely physical level. Thus "being sexy" is far more than just physical. Sexuality is a many-faceted way of expressing all that we are.



and all that God intended us to be.

But what does all this mean

practically?

The first thing I would say is that the deeply affirmative view of sex as reflected in Genesis can be a tremendously liberating influence. It can set us free to accept and affirm our own sexuality; free to be sexy, as God intended us to be sexy. It also set us free to affirm other people in their sexual beings; free to recognize, respect, and respond to others as also being sexy. This is what we are. It is a fundamental part of our nature. It's the way we're built.

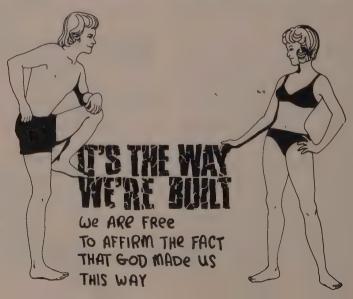
Again, sexuality, as God's intention and as the expression of the way God created us, sets us free in that it allows us openly to examine our own personal hangups in this area—hang-ups about masturbation and menstruation,

homosexuality and the fears of it potence and frigidity. It allows to examine these concerns, not dark and guilty secret sins, but more or less appropriate, more less human forms of expression our basic sexuality.

As Christians we are free to sexy, to understand why we a this way, and to celebrate the fathat God made us this way.

The second thing I would say that this Biblical, and fundame tally religious, view of sex not or sets us free to be sexy, it also c fines that sexiness for us, as sets it in a context in which we callive out our sexuality.

The Genesis account definesex by saying that sex is what had pens when a man and a wome "cleave to" each other and "become one flesh." (And since the was no distinction between flesh



and spirit in Hebrew thought, perhaps we should translate this "become one person.") Sexuality, according to Genesis, is the process through which two incomplete halves become one complete unity of both body and spirit.

A British writer, Colin Mac-Innes has said, "There is a religious element in sexual union: it is the only miracle most of us will ever know; a re-creation of ourselves through someone else, and thus, a sacrament."

And Martin Buber, a Jewish existentialist thinker, has written movingly that it is a denial of the Biblical concept of creation to look for God outside of our everyday experience of people, including the sexual experience. For Buber, it is in openness to another person, or the world around you. that God is known: "The vision of God thrusts itself into the very heart of life. . . . One eats in holiness, tastes the taste of food in holiness, and the table becomes an altar. One works in holiness and he raises up divine sparks which hide themselves in all tools.

one dances in holiness and a brightness shines over the gathering. A husband is united with his wife in holiness, and the Shekinah (the presence of God) rests over them."

And so, sex, as a part of life itself, is a deeply religious act. But by a "religious act" I do not mean a solemn, serious, pious act. But I do mean that the sex act is a

joyful, soaring, life-stirring, person-affirming, God-affirming act; and thus it is religious. An act in which you find yourself completed in the love of another self. An act in which you can at least sense the outline of a unity whose fullest expression is in God alone.

It should be made clear, then, that the sex act, as defined in these terms, is not and cannot be something to be entered into casually or lightly. I admit that much of the time such a fundamental and profound experience is not what passes for sexual intercourse, but I do not think that our definition is wrong so much as the common practice is wrong. Sex, like any other human relationship, can be twisted and poisoned and can become a demonic instead of a creative power between two people. Sex can be attempted on a purely animal level of physical gratification as opposed to the fully human level of interpersonal communion.

I suppose I would say that the sex act is neither immoral nor moral in and of itself. It is what is expressed in that act that is decisive. In order to be fully moral and fully human, intercourse must be the expression of a total relationship between a man and a woman; a relationship of love, care, trust, honesty, and responsibility.

Such total relationships, even in these days of instant everything, do not spring up overnight, but are the results of months, even years of sharing all aspects of one's life together. Sex does not become automatically moral with marriage. And I would not automatically condemn all pre-marital intercourse as immoral. What is decisive is the quality and the intentions of the relationship, not the legal status of that relationship.

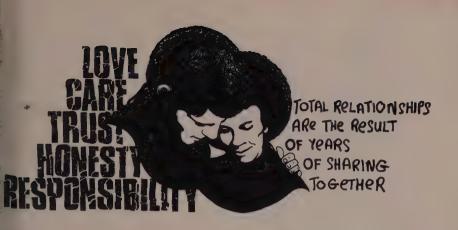
According to my understanding of man and woman as viewed in the Bible, in modern psychology, and in my own experience, I would say that sexual intercourse which is not the expression of a genuine love relationship involves a use of oneself and of another person which can only be dehumanizing and degrading; whether this happens inside or outside of marriage.

Finally, then the most important question is: What constitutes "a genuine love relationship"? The word "love" has become so cheapened today that to say that love is the one essential thing can be to say nothing at all. How do we define love? And love for whom . . . the young man you are with . . . the woman you will eventually marry . . . the parents who brought you into the world . . . the children you may someday bring into the world?

"Love is patient, kind, neverending," wrote Saint Paul. "Love is not jealous, nor rude, nor resentful, nor irritable. Love does not insist on its own way. Love rejoices in the right but not in the wrong. Love endures all thing Saint Paul is describing a love t is the foundation for all hum relationships, whether among tionalities, races, members of family, or friends of the same different sex. Certainly, "a genu love relationship" is not limited a discussion of sexuality, for relationship that is mutually he thy and helpful between hum beings can exist without the quity of love of which Saint P wrote.

So often people too easily "I love you" to get what they w for themselves, not for the other person. So often individuals—pecially the insecure, or inexpended, or desperate—confuse intimacy of momentary converse ence with a potentially-lasting for relationship. How do we know of selves and the other person we enough to judge honestly? How we know that a genuine love movates one another's actions?

In seeking a definition of sex love, possibly one of the last psons one might ask would be Trappist monk. One such, Thon Merton, has expressed for most beautifully the ecstasy at the agony of the fully sexual lationship. Merton felt that a nand woman in love form one coplete person. To exist without lating to another as "my love" a kind of living death. But he afelt that even in the best love lationships, a terrible lonelin and emptiness are present.



mately, the individuals in love choose to save one another from the absurdity of their loneliness and helplessness "by being absurd together" and for the rest of their life. Implied in this is a "fantastic honesty and courage" to accept and admit the humiliating, unpleasant, small, petty, even nasty parts of each other's nature. But this mutual acceptance frees each to be himself and to stop seeking an impossible perfection in someone else, somewhere else, under some other condition.

This, then, is what begins to define, for me, "a genuine love relationship"—this "fantastic honesty and courage," this ability to make a choice and stick with it even if it be that of "two lonely and helpless people" electing to "be absurd together," this commitment which entails a long-term "labor of love" to build, to defend, to recreate at times almost out of nothing, a completely human relationship between two incomplete hu-

man beings. It is this mystery of commitment to the beloved in which and only within which one can ever find oneself completely whole.

This is not easily come by. But this is the ideal. Certainly, "a genuine love relationship" is the fully human reality which is set before us by our Judaeo-Christian religious heritage as the basis, the context, and the goal for our Godgiven sexuality.

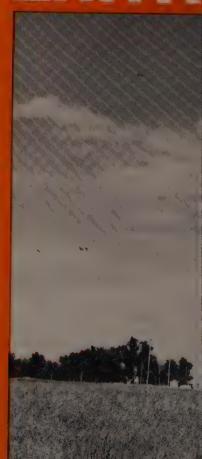
We live in a time of sexual revolution. The challenge is to live responsibly within that revolution. We must neither react negatively in seeking to return to an outdated past, nor irresponsibly in failing to affirm the integrity and rights of others in the way we handle our sexuality. We must seek rather to preserve sex as a loving gift of God, as a fully human activity in all of its dimensions in life, and as an ultimate expression of two people living within "a genuine love relationship."



# ROSE BUD SAKOTALS OR BUSINES

Photos by James Hall

## BACK TO EARTI



Last summer ten young people and three adults from the Swarthmore Presbyterian Church journeyed from Swarthmore, Pa., to Mission, S.D. The main purpose of their trip to this small town of 1500 people in the middle of the Rosebud Indian Reservation was to participate in a work camp. At first the group was very enthusiastic about the possibilities of working at the Hare Mission Home, an inactive boarding school near Mission. They were eager to do painting, general clean-up chores, and minor construction around the grounds of the home. However, in the midst of this beautiful Indian country, these young people became aware of a new dimension to work. The following observations were nade by work camp participants: Cindy Livingston, Jim Salom, Cindy Taylor, David Nelson, Richard Koelle, Ric Groff, Ellen Smith, Jayne Good, Kitty Porter, Bill Snyder, Jan and Jim Hall, and the Rev. David Colman.







"What should we call you—Father Brokenleg?" "What is the usual tim for 'lights out' in the dormitory?" "What time should we be up in the morning?" "What kind of a work produced you have for us, and when do we get started?" "We're really looking forward to some good hard manulabor, and we'd like to interact (the one of our favorite words) with so Indian people. Could we schedule safternoon or evening talks with you give us some insight into life on the reservation?"

Father Brokenleg just smiled. A a few moments he said, "You're to relax; you people always come here with your programs and schell—at such and such a time we will this and so ferth. Just relax and time to get a feeling for how we lied out here."



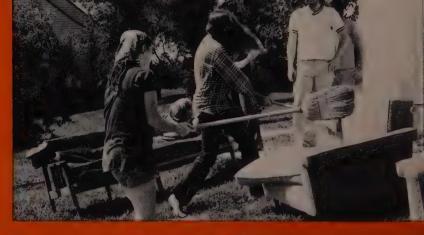
Ve had no choice but to adopt Father Brokenleg's approach. Few activities were ever scheduled. Few questions were ever answered directly. Some alled it a new life style, We relaxed. We learned a new sense of time. We ook time to find ourselves and each other.

When we were ready to listen, Father Brokenleg said, "Here's what you do while you're out here. Find your small put important place in creation and earn to find beauty in the commonplace."

Ve basically learned that the Indian fe style includes getting to know meself and the people one is living with, and that knowledge is the base of everything else.

Mission, with approximately 1500 people, was a 15-minute walk from Hare Mission Home. One statistic that annoyed us was that the white man owned about 90 percent of the businesses in Mission. This included stores, motels, gas stations, amusements, etc.

Father Brokenleg was a very real person; he did not alter his life style at all for us, but rather he helped us become a part of his. Learning about his way of life enabled us to put work into a different (and perhaps proper) perspective. By learning more about ourselves in relation to man, God, and nature, work became a more natural part of our lives.



And we finally worked, too. We cleaned a lot of walls and ceilings, a church, the kitchen. Working together became a natural expression of our being together and wanting to use our time constructively.

I knew that many Indians, while poverty stricken, are trying to catch up in their new environment. By actually living on the reservation, by seeing the run-down shacks that some still inhabit, by worshipping in a one-room church, and by fishing with a friend named Wade, I have a feeling for Indians that I could never get by reading a book.



Juring our time at Work Camp. I semed to fluctuate between marveling the natural beauty and despairing ver the sordid reality of being an ndian on the reservation. Somehow I ouldn't acknowledge the paradox of he place. Poverty, discrimination and heir problems seemed much more ppropriate in decaying Eastern cities han on the open Western plain.

The American Indian has suffered, and now goes on living neglected. He is concerned with the basics of lifewhich are nature and learning to survive by yourself with nature's help. We could learn something important by listening to the Indian-by listening to what he has been trying to tell us for centuries-about pollution, and the extinction of many wild animals. We close our eyes to the natural beauty, the sunsets, the sunrises, the flowers, and even the plain dandelions. Out there, it is impossible to miss the natural beauty, because you're surrounded by it.







Because there was so much physical space, it was natural that we all had a lot of psychological space. It is easier to be more tolerant and responsive to everyone when you are surrounded by the vastness of God's creation. Being able to walk outside and sort out what is most important in the given situation, and then to walk inside and act upon that is an important process. It is the transition between the noun and the verb form of prayer.



refeeling of being surrounded by all creation gave birth to many questions; questions I had put aside before, that became terribly real in South kota. Questions about God, and the tire of God and His creation. I and answers for these thousands of estions through the beauty of the different through the people we met different in our group. Almost all of e people we met in South Dakota, pecially Father Brokenleg, seemed to ve a great trust in life, God, and air land.

Work Camp was so many things. Its goal was to help people. But in doing that, you can't help but help yourself. We came out of it with so much more than we had put into it—stronger friendships, more understanding, fantastic memories, and always the knowledge that we have grown up just a little more.



### Map of time

I just wanted to let you know how great I think the calendar in the January issue of YOUTH is! It isn't just that it is colorful and the transparencies are cute, but I like the idea of a map of time that takes many different shapes.

YOUTH is really groovy—keep up the good work. —A.N., Denver, Colorado

### **New Insight**

We thought you should know that your article on Chinese high schools (January 1973) was most informative. Although there has been a renewed interest in Chinese culture during the last year, relatively little has been written about the youth of China. While it is quite important that people in both cultures learn to appreciate the values inherent in each other, it is the young people who ultimately must learn to coexist peacefully—and hopefully in the spirit of brotherhood. Thanks for spanning this culture gap.

-S.M. and J.G., Washington, D.C.

### **Noteworthy**

Let me pen a note of praise to the staff of YOUTH magazine for what is a remarkable, worthwhile, and exceedingly unusual publication! Too often magazines geared toward youth are condescending in their selection of topics, graphics or general approach to their constituency. What is so consistently noteworthy of YOUTH magazine is its timeliness, sensitivity, and perceptive, but always critical, array of articles. The graphics just have to be seen to be believed and fully appreciated. They are so effectively utilized and only serve to enhance the topic, not detract.

Another feature worth noting is that while the magazine is supported in part

by church-related resources, its applies broadbased and in no way restrict to the traditional concerns one assates with religious periodicals! May continue to have much success growth in readership!!

—R.S., Boston, M

### Thanks a lot

I would like to give my opinion YOUTH magazine. I love it. E month I look forward to getting it. an interesting magazine, with a logood thoughts. Thank you for YOU—D.S., Novelty, (

### Flood recovery

We appreciate your mentioning Inter-Faith Flood Recovery prograr your Agnes article (January 1 YOUTH). Note that our address changed to: Inter-Faith Flood Recovery 140 E. Northampton St., Wilkes-Ba. 18701. Our new phone number (717) 825-7733.

We intend to stay until the long of flood recovery is under control spring approaches, the need will crease for voluntary services of skilled and unskilled persons, for ficial support, and for furniture appliances (no mattresses and refrators at present).

We have seen people who war help disappointed when their ene are mis-aimed. The needs here ch rapidly. And so we would urge yo call ahead before any plans are ized so that your efforts to help meaningful and effective and so we can prepare accordingly on our as well.

The outpouring of love continue amaze us and reinforces our hopes dreams.

—R.H., Wilkes-Barre

### TOUCH & GC

What's YOUR big idea? We have a hunch you are full of ideas you'd like to tell others about. And we're willing to invest ten dollars for every one of your ideas we print. Describe a fascinating way of having fun. What's the latest fad in your crowd? How can youth be most helpful to others?
 What book has turned you on the most in recent months and why? What's the biggest bargain you've found lately? Explain an activity worth sharing with others that involves you, or your family, or a group at church or school. • How are you fighting your pet injustice? Send us your idea. If a photo helps describe your idea, send it along. We'll pay you ten dollars if your idea is printed in our forthcoming "101 Ideas" issue of YOUTH magazine. The deadline is April 20, 1973. Mail to: 101 Ideas, YOUTH magazine, Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102 Have you been keeping track of time? Does your subscription to YOUTH magazine need to be renewed? Do you want to get YOUTH for a friend? If you subscribe now, we will send you a free copy of Doug Brunner's 1973 colorful calendar of transparencies which was in our January issue. If you already subscribe but would like extra calendars, they are available at 50¢ each. I want to subscribe to YOUTH. Enclosed is my check for \$5.00 for one year's subscription; \_\_\_\_\_ \$9.00 for two years. Send me a free calendar. We want to order a group subscription to YOUTH. Enclosed is our check for \_\_\_\_\_ subscriptions at \$3.50 per subscription. Send everyone in our group a free calendar. want to order extra calendars. Enclosed is my check for calendars at 50¢ each. Address \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Send order and payment to: YOUTH magazine, Room 1203, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

Attach additional names and addresses.



The American Lutheran Church

## WHY I OUIT BIG TIME SPORTS

By Jerry Pyle as told to Herman Ahrens

Jerry Pyle, 22, grew up in Caston, N.D., played Big Ten var basketball for two seasons at University of Minnesota, and t quit the sport prior to a promis senior year. He is active in tional leadership of the youth gram of the American Luther Church. Here he shares his rettions on life.

I started playing basketball w I was in the third grade. You ually don't think of North Dal as a place for basketball, but town of 1300 people made a thing of having good teams. cause my school was small, p ers were scarce. And since I tall, I was somewhat prodded playing. In eighth grade, w my coordination came aroun became a fairly decent athlet was playing varsity by the tir was a freshman. That year we w to the state tournament. I gressed until I was all-state all-American in high school in t ball and in basketball.

Fortunately, the split in our school between jocks and jocks was not as blatant then is now in many schools. You know the series think there anybody who doesn't love jocks, just as the rich think the aren't any poor. The presence athletic ability often separately you from your peers who seed think that anyone who is an lete must be conceited and tripping continually. People images of what an ideal at

ight to be like. My biggest frusation in high school was the stertype roles I felt I was trapped to.

One way I found some indeendence in high school and saw little bit of the world outside was brking every summer—except uring harvest—on the staff at a atheran canoe camp. Even there hletics made a difference, benuse after my freshman year, verybody knew who I was.

All over the state, I had more ablicity than anyone probably would have had when he's a apphomore in high school, but an all thing happened; it didn't hase me anymore. And when I ade a trip to Canada, I realized abody there knew who I was and could be anything I wanted with the changing anyone's perception me because of their stereotype. was the most exhilarating thing I ever gone through and that's nen I realized what kind of role was caught into.

Then in the spring of my senior ar, all the recruiting for college arted and what an education that as. It was an embarrassing situation—college coaches coming all e time and my being called out class. It was like slave traders they wanted to buy flesh.

I had more steak dinners that ring than ever in my life. There are all sorts of pressures—leters coaches wrote, offers they ade, flowers they sent to my other, jobs they promised my





The American Lutheran Church

"My biggest frustration in high school was the stereotype roles I felt I was trapped into."

girlfriend, plush trips they planned to campuses. And I was by no means the best in the country. If this is what they would do for me, a mediocre player, what do they do for the great ones?

My parents said it was my decision. Sometimes they made me

mad, because I wished they'd "Look, you're going to the versity of Minnesota and that's I guess I was begging for cont but they didn't do it, which I preciate now.

I finally just wanted to get decision over with. I "decided the University of Nebraska. I a new coach at the Universit Minnesota whom I had know North Dakota drove up one He said he "just happened to in the area" and thought he'd by. Well, you know North Daisn't in the area of anything that's why I like it. He was suasive. I decided to go to University of Minnesota.

I went down during the sum to get the feel of the campu enjoyed the anonymity, whice why most people do **not** like m colleges, but it was what I neel Nobody knew who I was. I sturbard and got straight A's. And

I enjoyed.

By the time I was a sophor I was playing varsity baske and did fairly well. But more portant, I began to feel the humanity of the coach. He had kind of personality that of totally psychologically domitted the players. He used to be a ine instructor and all his contions were like we were at Mostly he had the players and the real fun part of playing the players.

In my junior year, he left to c in the pros, and his fine, annered assistant was hired. But got trapped into the role of ring to do the same thing—be fireball coach, talk about the r, and tell Knute Rockne stories. Lock a lot of criticism, but we re still a good team, and we are enjoying playing.

Things were crystalizing within in those years. In the spring of sophomore year, the invasion Cambodia finalized a lot of polical things in my head. I was pecially unhappy with the way country was living up to the posed tenets of its origins. My ditical awareness was also senized by a national Luther League nvention which I chaired in New ork City that summer. Its emphasis was the relationship of Chrisnity to caring for our world in volution.

I returned to campus that fall th a mustache and longer hair. coach wasn't upset but the nletic department was. They re paranoid about the reactions their athletes to Cambodia, nce athletic boycotts across the untry followed the Kent State d Jackson shootings. As a re-It of my hair, some PR people uldn't put me in the team oto. When the season started, ere were cat-calls from the fans out my hair and the newspapers ged me "The Sundance Kid." Our team was divided racially d I was generally accepted by

black players. I was told jok-

ly by the black players that

growing up in North Dakota made me too naive to be racist. All our black athletes had goatees. So when fans criticized my appearance, I was quoted in the press as saying that fans expect white children to identify with white athletes and since fans don't think it's possible for a white kid to identify with a black athlete, they don't even care what the black athlete looks like-he's there to help the white athlete win. And consequently the fans' criticism about the players' appearance focused on me as a white athlete. My comments caused a little bit of a stir.

the season progressed. things were going fairly well. I was a starting Big Ten ball player again. Then one day I read a letter in the Minnesota daily campus paper. The guy wrote a letter saying he would be glad to graduate so he wouldn't have to watch terrible University of Minnesota basketball teams anymore. I wrote a letter saying you have to have fairly immature ideas about what an education is if that's the big thing that will excite you at graduation. I said there are a lot more serious things in the world to be upset about. I said he ought to put his energies to changing some things in this world that are really messed up. I noted that the rich, ruling class in Latin America supports athletics because it drains the power of the people so much that the people have less time and energy to concentrate on changing

political structures and social situations that badly need changing. I noted the parallel of a president who watches a Saturday afternoon football game on TV while thousands demonstrate for peace outside his window. The people who control things in this country are diverting our energies into athletics. (I thought my letter was fairly mundane and nobody would be terribly upset.)

Well, all hell broke loose!

At practice that afternoon, the black guys all said, "Fantastic! You've said what we couldn't say!" They had more to lose than I did. If they lost their scholarship, some would have to return to a ghetto. The white players said, "Why did you say that?" And then the reporters were there.

The next day the big paper in Minnesota reprinted my letter and the editor commented that if I didn't like it, I should leave it, and why do I accept a scholarship—"a welfare check"—for doing something I don't like. But I had never said I didn't like basketball, because I enjoy it.

We had a Big Ten game at home on that Saturday night and when I was introduced in the starting line-up, I was booed. Coincidentally, I had the best night I'd ever had, scoring around 24 points. I guess I was so relaxed because I was chuckling inside at what was going on around me. Toward the close of the game, which we won, the players were taken out one at

a time to get their applause. everybody cheered when I out. How quickly they forgot!

Soon afterward the local preaction died out. But it follows on the road. There was all a small group of freaks at Biggames who cheered especiall me. And then the season was

Since I had taken a lot of concredits over three years and just about done, I was this about leaving school early, since a new coach had just hired, I visited him first.

"I hear you don't particulare what the score is in a gashe inquired.

"No, I don't."

"I just don't believe any thinks that way."

"Well, all right," I replied.

"We're going to win the Ten," he said with confidence

"But we haven't won in years," I cautioned.

"I don't like to hear that of talk."

Then I knew what was ahea stay on the team feeling the I did was impossible. To char all from within was like charthe Marines from within. So cided to quit.

I felt a new freedom,

After working on a cam for state legislation to get men's compensation for migral joined the Freedom from Historical Foundation as regional direct their marches for develop And I'm now on the staff of

New World Coalition in Boston, primarily working with marketing products produced by poor peole's cooperatives.

Since abandoning competitive posts, my distaste has gone and I an now play basketball for the fun f it and I've also come to apprecite its artistic qualities. I'm coninced that there are many athetes for whom the score is not that matters, but it's their own ense of fulfillment in doing a ning well. They might not conciously think in terms of artistic ualities, but if you see them ork, practice, think, and perform stricate and skilled maneuversnat's what it is, It's like working n a ballet. The beauty of what pes on is best seen when you atch football or basketball in slow otion.

From my experiences with colge athletes, I think there's a indency for black athletes to have healthier sense of what sports e all about, because more of em have grown up with more of e harshness of reality. Pragmatic palities are guiding them much ore than the social myths that gide others. It's true that they ould like to get a lot of money playing, but it's because ey've never had any money. And ecause black athletes have played ore basketball in their lives from aildhood on-that's why they're enerally better ball players ey know that individual games ake little difference over the

long haul in their life. And because the need for entertainment in the ghetto is higher to counteract the even higher amount of non-entertaining things that go on in life there, black athletes often have a better understanding of healthy showmanship. So, I per-

"When college coaches started recruiting me, it was like slave traders wanting to buy flesh."



sonally feel the black athlete generally has a healthier sense of sports—putting it all in an honest perspective, doing it well, and enjoying it.

Too many white athletes face the social pressures of succeeding, doing right by your family, "making it big in the world," "you won't be loved if you're not a good athlete." But that's a myth that has little to do with what success is and what community is. One day you reach a point when you don't make the next level of teams you should make—like junior varsity or varsity—and then you're told it doesn't matter.

I suffered some in high school because of the divisiveness of competition. In the black community I get the impression there's more of an ability to celebrate another person's progress. And supportive comradeship is higher. I hesitate to make that fine dist tion between black and white it's more a question of tendence. But since the white community often champions an ethic of cess and individualism, peersoften less able to be supportive one another and more likely to for themselves.

How close the game is to lence is illustrated by the ser brawls last year at the Minnes Ohio State basketball game Marguette-South Card game. Again, the parallel bety the black and the white situat is interesting. It is my underst ing that most black athletes 1 their own life experience are cl to violence, so that the trans from an athletic game to ac violence is not as difficult. the Ohio State game, I was tol some of my black friends, were participants, that in the s



"The crobooed not long hair and mustach but whe scored hair they cheered

you have two games. There's ne actual game and then there's ne fight afterwards. And you can use the game but you can win the ght and come out at least even.

Generally, social pressures in ie white community are against a hite athlete who gets into a fight, nd, at the same time, those same ressures approve the violence of highly competitive, win-or-else thletic event. White athletes genally are not as out in the open bout their feelings and have more ang-ups that keep them psychogically from drawing the parallel etween the violence of war, which ey can fight well, and the vionce of a game, which is always ere on the surface but somehow semi-controlled

Feelings need to be expressed benly but not violently. That's by I think we need to spend more the developing cooperative—not operative—games which reward operative and collective behaving and which allow and encourage cople to participate as a group ember.

A non-competitive game is nere there is no loser. A good cample are sports involving name. If you and a friend climb a ountain, when you get to the top, ou don't feel like you've beat that ountain but you've become parters with that mountain and with our fellow climbers. It's still a ountain. You have not oppressed

The traditional, competitive

games are for individualism, for mastering another, for divisiveness, which results in a hierarchy of a winner and a loser, the conqueror and the conquered. I'm not as much concerned about the hurt feelings of losers as I am concerned about its impact on a global scale. The loser in an international game is generally dead. If people can begin to think in terms of win-win situations and of both parties getting those things they really want, you have a better chance for a creative solution to problems.

Almost all institutions in this country are set up as conflict models. As in the game of Monopoly, the person with the most power wins. It means that no matter how right your ideas are or how good your morality is, what really matters is how you get and keep power. All that you were taught as a child is irrelevant. How often do you get anywhere anymore on your own merits? It's who you know and how much of yourself you're willing to give up. It's disillusioning to say the least.

Competitive games do not teach you how to find solutions to problems in a cooperative way but through conflict—just like the old-time shoot-out at dawn in the Westerns. Competitive sports also help you to take irrelevant things so seriously that you begin to disregard and block out those really significant things that are happening. Then it finally dawns on you

"The energies of our nation are being diverted into sports, not change."



that you're putting so much of your life into things that have little to do with humanity, with helping people, with solving global problems, let alone with your own problems.

As a microcosm of how our entire cultural system works, athletics teaches that you don't get things because you deserve them. You get them by accident. Some of the kids on my high school team practiced three times as hard as I did and they never got any scholarships to colleges. Too many college stars believe they got where they did because they worked hardest. Some did. But none of them are 6'10", have a beautiful physique, and are naturally quick simply because they worked hard. They don't even thank their mothers for it.

All of what I'm saying is not a put-down of people who are playing ball now or who hope to do so in the future. Each has to make his or her own decision. But I'm simply sharing my opinions based on my own experience. I may be right and I may be wrong, but I feel strong enough to want to help others make an informed decision.

In other words, understand wyou're doing. Are your incentiand your reasons for play healthy or unhealthy? What is doing to you as a human being the there alternative things to

Much of the problems with the U.S. culture today deal of people's ability to be human of each other. And much of that dictated by the types of system we allow ourselves to function basically class systems. This illustrated in such situations boss and underlings, teachers students, parents and children coaches and players, government leaders and citizens, rich and possible today.

Athletes are in prominent sations to point out how hum should deal with each other. course, there are limits. I did change any war-like qualities Big Ten basketball. But I colook at my own environment a student and I could ask: How I daily encouraging a structure relationships between people is mean one person has control of the other person's life? How of affirm the ego of a coach of teacher who believes he or sha god and ought to be treated in



The Minneapolis Tribune

ay? Or how can I help them see w such ego-tripping can destroy eir own humanity as well as ine?

The spectators often spoil the me, not the participants. The g money in sports which we see day is the result of the massive mand of the public to see comtitive games. And the U.S. ecomic system is going to exploit ything the people want. And the st way to improve profits is to pand the market. Thus teams we changed from the Boston Paots to the New England Patriots d from the Minneapolis Vikings the Minnesota Vikings.

If we judge by the high salaries id the stars, that's where the blic priorities are. I feel there e obviously better places for the untry to put its money. As long this nation is being stifled by mpetition and by twisted prioris and is not thinking and acting riously about pressing human eds that are **not** being met, we n't have much of a future.

In the past, when communicain was lacking among people, rvival depended upon a way of oblem-solving which usually took the form of a fixed hierarchy of one strong leader. Today one person is not capable of leading the world through the years ahead. To survive we have to figure out ways to cooperate and to solve problems collectively. We certainly do not need more competition.

I grew up in a Christian home and the moral teachings I learned there are still a strong part of me today. But one of the difficulties of growing up in a Christian home in this country is being able to sort out what is Christian and what is not. Often the distinction is not made clear. The Christian ideals of cooperation, love and respecting the beauty of creation get muddled by such secular values as wanting to dominate, exploiting others, and seeing the world as a competitor. It's you against the world, not you in harmony with the world.

It's shocking when the realities of the world hit you and you see how it's different from the ideals and values you've been taught—how the world has been described to you, how your government has been pictured to you, how you're told that if you will really be a true

"No sports arena can be a loving community in which humans see each other whole; but the church can, if it will."

and honest Christian, people will look up to you and you'll be able to make the world right if it isn't already. Then, when you learn the disparity between the teachings of Christ and much of what you've seen thus far, you have to decide whether or not you're going to try at all to apply that sort of Christ-taught morality to your life.

I'd certainly be the last to say that the morality taught by Christ is unique, because at the core of most other great religions are similar ideals of beauty, love, trust, cooperative living, and fighting the forces of evil. But those things are still a real part of me and I've made a fairly conscious decision to acknowledge that they're there.

As an instrument of Christ, the church today certainly has not lived up to all that he taught. But the church today does have a lot of health left in it. It has come through the 60s in better shape than most institutions in this country. But because it isn't a collective mindset, it won't be a national force. But its real value now to the culture is its ability to interpret what's happening, both because of its Christ-shaped framework for understanding life and

because of the supportive c munity it gives people in which deal with what's happening.

I was surprised when I realized what a large number people, who don't belong to church, don't have any place to or any way to handle proble. They don't have a group of peothey can really relate to. Perhithey have a club with drind buddies. But there is no place go which has such a holistic over-all concept of life and otherefore, deal holistically with human being as a congregation ought to be do

The church is not a social s ice agency, although it should supportive of such agencies. not just a place to get preac at or to hear Scripture, altho that's needed. It's not just an tension of the American life st although the church should b its conscience to bear on daily around it. The church is a c munity that finds its reason being within the framework Christ's teachings and where people know and accept e other and aren't locked into t boxes made of ticky-tacky. Ch did battle with the rich, the po ful, and the selfish on behal the oppressed. He saw hum whole, not in part nor superfici

No sports arena can serve function. A person who has identification with their congational family is not as much

ed to identify with an athletic am or a group of sports fans. He of the big reasons sports has sown is because of the need of ople to be part of a group, part a family, or part of a commun. I agree that there is a commity-type feeling at a game but doesn't meet a human being's ep needs the way a true, holistic mmunity can—like an honest hily, like the Casselton of myens, or like a healthy congretion.

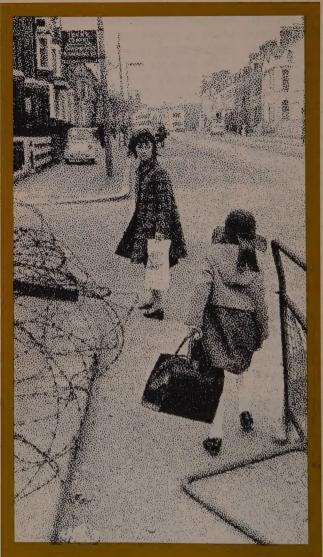
It is from my parents that I've ten my perception of what a althy country is, what a healthy bal situation is, and what a althy family is. And I refuse to ribute "healthy families" solely Christianity, because I have n too many people who say that ey're Christian and it doesn't ke a difference how they function. But I had a healthy family in

terms of honesty. We fought well, which is probably as important as getting along well.

My parents are beautiful. They don't always agree with me, but, for example, they understood my frustrations at the University of Minnesota, why I left, and why I said what I did. But they were also in the situation back home among friends where they had to take the brunt of explaining my actions in my absence. They had to answer for what I had done.

There is no way I can give other people that kind of family. I just simply grew up in a healthy community and it sincerely spoils you when you leave it. You really cannot find too many of those places now, so you simply have to try to create it again wherever you go, wherever you can. And that's what I'm trying to do now.





YOUTH reporte escapes Ireland with his life by Sean Eager

Tell-A-Vision
by Doug Brunner

A day in the life of a young ballerina by Eileen Stukane

1973 Creative Arts Award

Be Natural, Not Artificial by Reggie Murdock

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Journeying to the Dakota hills

Touch and Go by the readers

101 Ideas

Jerry Pyle on the rebound as told to Herman Ahrens

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